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LUCIAN BURLEIGH, EDITOR OF THIS NO.

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HINTS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

BEFORE the publication of our next number, most of the winter schools will have commenced. It may reasonably be supposed that among their teachers will be many inexperienced young men and women, who for the first time undertake the responsible duty of instructing. We offer a few thoughts for their consideration; older teachers may pass them over, if they choose so to do.

Fellow teachers, we welcome you to your new duties and responsibilities. To you, some of these will be perplexing and laborious, and occasionally almost disheartening. In your extreme perplexity, you may, now and then, wish yourself anywhere rather than in the office of teacher, and resolve that if you get through this winter you will never again be so caught. But faint not! Be of good courage! Resolve to succeed. *Will success.* "There is nothing impossible to him that wills." Resolutely set out, each of you, to be a good teacher—to make teaching a profession, and honor the calling by your zeal, enthusiasm, and growing intelligence. You have not presumed to enter upon your new functions without some previous preparation, of which, perhaps, the approbation of the board of visitors is an evidence. Yet you will not think us rude in suggesting that few, if any, teachers, young or old, are fully prepared for, when first entering upon, their duties: Many things must be learned in the school of

experience; some can be best learned in actual service. As no treatise on swimming will enable a man to sustain himself in deep water without practice in the art of swimming, so no previous mental training will make you a perfect teacher without practice. There is little danger of too much mental training or literary culture; you have now come to a place where you will find use for all you have. If you have been a scholar, in the best sense of the word, there is no reason for being less so now. The ripest, richest culture is neither too ripe nor too rich for the post you have assumed. Some one has beautifully said, "Only the heavily laden boughs stoop low enough for little hands to pluck." Each day will press you with cares, and perplexities, and stern demands for thought, and judgment, and prompt action. Affairs of instruction, discipline, and government will crowd around you in thick succession, till, half sick or more than half crazed, you wish you had never been ambitious to teach. Embrace, then, every opportunity for the improvement of your mind, or heart, or to secure special fitness for school duties.

1. SEEK TO BECOME AS PERFECT AS POSSIBLE IN HEALTH, PERSON, MIND, AND MORALS. Be pure, cleanly, honest, earnest, and loving, and that imitative group of immortals, for six hours each day under your eye, and in their turn watching you, will catch your spirit, and you will, in most essential things, be reproduced in them. Your word will go far, your example farther, in forming them for virtue or vice. They will catch your virtues, they will imbibe your vices. Said a gentleman to the writer, a few days since, "Our last teacher, Mr. S——, was intelligent enough, but he taught all our boys to smoke." We have known that teacher, and esteem him as a worthy young man, the victim of but one vice; but he can never repair the injury of that winter's work. No teacher should be the slave of any vicious indulgence. If you are a teacher, forever abandon, renounce, repudiate, and shun the nauseous, narcotic weed. If you cannot do this, then from motives of humanity abandon teaching. If you teach, be an example worthy of imitation in all your habits, manners, and practices, and you will not teach in vain. Take care of your dress and person, and ever maintain a scrupulous neatness in your toilet. Keep up an intimate acquaintance with soap and water, brushes and toothpicks, and never disgust the young or deprave their taste by inattention to your hair, your nails, your teeth, or your boots.

Take intelligent care of your health, and the health of your pupils. Exercise freely and rationally. To this end, consult some well-digested system of physiology, and wisely practise the laws of health,

never forgetting to take counsel of common sense as well as the books.

Perhaps your school-room is one of those wretched slaughter-houses, built in some dark age, without one breathing hole to save you or your pupils from literal strangulation; it must be ventilated somehow, and you have a nice task so to air your pupils as not to endanger their health by cold currents of air upon them while sitting inactive. Improve the recess, and get a change of air before your scholars are again seated. If possible, induce the parents to warm the house with a ventilating stove.

2. COMMENCE AND CONTINUE A SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF STUDY. Do not say, "I board round, and can have no opportunity for study." We understand the special inconveniences of "boarding round," and yet confidently affirm that most of your hindrances are imaginary, and a little resolution and tact will overcome all the real ones. You may be desired to mingle in social conversation with the families in which you abide, or to entertain them by reading, all which will be profitable if kept within reasonable bounds. These engagements must not monopolize your time. Duty to yourself and duty to your pupils, and even to their parents, forbids the spending of all your time on trivial matters, or mere socialities. Excuse yourself as early and withal as politely as you may, and apply your minds to the weightier matters of thought and study. It may seem a little uncivil at first, but parents will soon learn to honor and encourage your studious devotion to books, when they see, as they will, its influence upon their children, both as an example and through your increased fitness for the daily recitations in school. You cannot discharge in the best manner your duty to your pupils in school, without examining the lessons beforehand, that you may know their difficulties, and how to remove them. In no other way can you judge wisely and accurately how heavy tasks to assign, and by so doing you can add greatly to the interest of each exercise, which will also increase its advantages to the members of the class.

You need the study for your own improvement and growth. You should be a wiser, as well as more experienced teacher, at the close of each term of school, than when it began. Never be satisfied with present attainments, but with an aspiring aim strive for a higher condition of mind and heart, and—with ability to fill it creditably—a more responsible and influential position. Set before you a grand ideal, and bend all your energies to its realization. Economize time and strength. You will need all you have of both, to do the work of

a successful teacher. Estimate no labor too severe that adds to the stock of your positive knowledge, or corrects any old errors.

3. **SAVE THE COST OF ALL NEEDLESS LUXURIES, THAT YOU MAY PROCURE A GOOD SUPPLY OF THE BEST OF EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.** Teachers complain too often that they cannot afford to take a school journal or buy educational books, because their wages are so diminutive; yet how many pay for horse-hire, when to go afoot would be positively better than to ride; for candy and peanuts, when health forbids their use; for rings and gewgaws, or tobacco, much more money than would be needful to pay for the journal, and books into the bargain. To their shame be it spoken. They deserve not the name of teachers.

Read not *many*, but *much*, is the injunction of wisdom sustained by a thousand sanctions. Deny yourself if need be, and procure—if you have them not already—the best works extant devoted specially to the profession of teaching. Read these with care and thoughtful meditation, and not without comment of your own. Accustom yourself to write your own thoughts, and the lessons of your own experience, even though no eye but yours may ever see them. Such thoughts will be silent instructors. They will be more really yours for being written, while the faculty for writing will be cultivated. Such a record will be a pleasing matter of review in other days. It will serve as a way-mark to indicate progress. You will outgrow some of the *wise* things of your youth, while other jottings of your daily pen, little prized or known at first, will grow upon your mind till they seem like divine revelations. Fellow teacher, think much, and by the pen fix thought, that you may sift and scan it at other times and under other circumstances, and so cherish or reject it.

4. **ATTEND AND PARTICIPATE IN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS.** Several counties in the state have efficient educational associations, and if teachers did their duty, others would have. Attend these meetings, and contribute all you can to their interest. It will cost you something, but pay back much. You will there become acquainted with teachers, learn their methods of instruction and government, and be cheered and stimulated in your work.

Organize your associations, and bring together your fellow teachers for mutual instruction, and an interchange of kindly counsels. Make these arrangements as simple and unpretending as possible, and use them for improvement in teaching.

TRUE PLEASURES.

ONE of the advantages which education gives its votaries over the uneducated, is, that while great and wonderful things are robbed of their terror, the small and unnoticed are magnified and exalted. The world of common things is made greater, and the daily life finds somewhat to dignify it in every path of its most familiar routine.

Knowledge discovers a world peopled with thousand-fold interest, where ignorance discovers only a vexation and nuisance. To the student of insect life, the bramble-patch which costs the rude clown all his patience and half his pantaloons to traverse, becomes a precious field of research, and the very bug or worm whose sting was a torment, or whose touch a disgust, even to people not very fastidious, is looked upon with unaffected admiration and delight.

The microscopist, entering upon the glorious study of invisible life and organism, has no need of a larger universe than the next goose-pond in which to live, mentally, and enjoy himself for a whole season, or even for years, if he would exhaust its capacity. Very curious, very wonderful, and, what may not be suspected by the uninitiated, very *beautiful*, are the forms and fashions of life there, clinging to a shred of duck-weed, swimming in a sea unfathomable to them, and knee-deep to the explorer; dwelling under the gigantic shadows of a lily-pad in infinite myriads, that can thread the pores of a rush as we could the tubes of an iron bridge, and form whole brigades on the level table land of a single grain of sand.

Men and women who yawn over exhausted resources of thought, conversation, or amusement, after the rather limited appliances of fashionable society have been strained to weariness, are not aware that the elements of inexhaustible pleasures are all about them, if they will only take the trifling trouble of procuring an introduction to them through the kindly intervention of a man of science. A little knowledge will go far to show them the true road to lasting intellectual satisfaction.

We can answer for it from positive experience that old torments will become new pleasures, in the new way of looking at them, and never after can they become quite the plagues they were. We remember to have captured a villanous *cimex lectularius* at a respectable hotel where we *lodged*, and should have *slept*, but for his ambition to boast the possession of some of the old puritan blood. We had only known the creature to be a bed-bug, in the ordinary way of

making his acquaintance, but when he came to us under the honorable distinction of a Latin name, and we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his forceps, claws, and bloodsuckers by a less practical and more scientific method than that old one of coming at them, (or being come at by them,) in the dark—we confess that the beauty of the fellow under the microscope put him in much better odor with us. We have him embalmed in balsam of fir at this moment, and have made him the source of more pleasure than he ever was of annoyance.

Trust us, a *cimex lectularius* is by no means the vulgar fellow that a bed-bug is. Only know a thing thoroughly, and you will find in it something to please as well as to instruct you. This by way of illustration.

If you wish for more room in the world, study, and you will find your horizon slipping off in every direction. If you want more time, study, and you will get an hour into sixty ticks of the tall corner clock, and a grey old age, without the color, even in the prime of life, when you can enjoy its dignity.

In fact, time waits for the learned man, and all who have gone to the same depths of knowledge, the same heights of virtue, have the same age. Knowledge rejuvenates, while it completes and matures the man. Humboldt is young, though his snowy winters have been many—Leverrier a venerable grey-beard of thirty summers.

CHALK AND CHARITY.

THERE can be no doubt of the possibility of keeping a school without the aid of either chalk or charity. Such schools have been kept, where charity was replaced by brutality and the birch, and the absence of blackboards left no demand for chalk. Such schools are occasionally kept now—yea, must continue to be kept till more just and enlightened notions of economy in school appliances generally prevail.

They are gradually fading from hillside and valley, as better teachers and schools increase. It was a joyful day for some conscious, and not a few unconscious juveniles, when somebody discovered that in the general discipline and government of a school, charity is better than chastisement, kindness than cruelty, persuasion than force. There is something native in the mind of man that welcomes the approaches of kindness, while it as spontaneously repels, or revolts

at, violence and brutality. Some fanciful naturalist assumes that the microscope reveals in human blood minute animalcules, in form like all living organism below man in the scale of being, and he concludes therefore that human nature is the sum of the series of animal life. We will not presume to indorse this fantastic notion, but if it has any foundation in fact, we may be allowed to guess what animal is imaged there in small as extensively as any. So much as this we may safely assume: there is a certain opinionated and self-willed animal, the entire of whose race did not "run violently down a steep place into the sea," whose disposition—to say nothing of his minute fac-similes in the blood—enters largely into the moral chemistry of human nature. An ear of corn, or a pint of meal and water, vulgarly called *swill*, has often been found more efficient than rude cudgels vigorously applied, in inducing in this animal a specific kind or degree of locomotion in any given direction. We are not about to assume that there are in human blood vestiges of remote relationship to the non-ruminant, cloven-foot of the sty; all we would say or assume is that a firmness and willfulness not wholly unlike that of this historical quadruped, are often very marked in their manifestations in the human animal, and peculiarly so in those juvenile specimens of the *genus homo* known as boys and girls. They can be persuaded, called; they are not always easily driven. They can be contrary, and sometimes are so.

If only the baser impulses are stirred, the lower motives called into play, we need not look for nobleness of thought, purpose, or action. Brutal appliances tend to brutalize. They are ever downward like terrestrial gravitation. Those children, families, or schools where beating and violence prevail, will not ordinarily exhibit refined taste, gentleness, or tenderness of sensibility. These are like the more delicate spines and projections of fossil shells—while they are greatly prized for their intrinsic beauty, the least attrition or violent agitation destroys them. Gentle words from loving hearts have a natural chemistry, peculiar and powerful. Like sunshine on darkness, or frost, or rather like its mellowing, beautifying, ripening influence on fruit.

It is no longer an untried or doubtful experiment, to govern a school well and maintain the most perfect order without resorting to violence. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the best-governed schools are among those where the rod is seldom or never seen or used. Why then is the dominion of the rod so tardy in passing away, when it has so much to condemn and so little to

encourage its general use? Evidently because so few intelligently believe in the power of kindness. Then again, many have grown up under the reign of the savage, and its power is upon them still. It has warped their judgment, perverted their taste, or, without their consciousness, soured their disposition. They know no other way to meet questions of government than that practised by their teachers and parents. To resort to gentle means, would, in their esteem, be to surrender the "staff of accomplishment," and leave the rebel offender master of the field. They have too much "spirit" for that, and, distrusting all mild means, apply force.

Sometimes teachers cannot govern themselves, and here is one secret of the trouble in attempting to govern children. Learn to govern thyself, and then, in a spirit of charity, thou canst easily govern others.

One who has a heart full of charity, and seeks to promote the welfare of his pupils, will not long remain unappreciated. Children have an intuitive knowledge of character, and even before they can fashion into words the opinion they cherish, it will reveal itself in their actions. They will discover your spirit, they will honor your sincerity, and cheerfully award obedience and love. And if, in any extremity, you must resort to force, it will be with the approval of all, perhaps even of the offender himself.

Trust more to chalk and the blackboard, and less to the birch and ferule. Keep your pupils employed, solving problems, drawing maps, diagrams, and pictures, or writing exercises, and they will have little disposition and less time for mischief.

If you find no blackboard in your school-room, set yourself vigorously about getting one. It can be done. There are but few districts so penurious or stupid as not to be inclined, upon a fair presentation of the matter, to furnish so much, or even more. The inaction of teachers is too often the prime cause of the want of educator's tools. If you are a living, breathing man or woman, go to work and beg enough to buy a good blackboard, or place a suitable field of hard finish on the wall of the school-room. Do not say, "*I can't*," for if you do you will show a weakness that both parents and pupils will instinctively discover. Let the language of your *will* be, "it must and shall be done," and then *do* it, even if you have to pay the bill from your own scanty earnings. Your pupils will see the meaning of your determination, and parents find out your worth; nor will you be long in learning that the best investment of capital you ever made was in that blackboard.

Be a good and true teacher in *heart* and *will*, and you will find *chalk and charity* efficient aids and co-helpers in your good work; other aids will not be wanting; friends will multiply, and your reward will not tarry.

SEE AND SAY.

He who sits down to write having nothing to say, must be peculiarly weak in purpose if he does not succeed in saying it, at great length. We are specially cautious of the orator who is "unexpectedly" called upon for a speech, and "cannot add anything to what has been already said"—he will certainly add much to what has been already endured.

A man must know precisely what he would shoot at, to make his shots tell on the game. It takes a world of noisy powder to drive a bullet to the eye of an invisible target, which you only have a vague notion is located somewhere from east-south-east to the extreme north-west corner of the lot.

The sportsman, deer-stalking about a bush pasture, who fired away at his dubious game with such rare discrimination that he was to hit it if it proved to be a deer, and miss it if unluckily it should be a calf, is a worthy type of those literary sharp-shooters who sit down "with nothing in particular on their minds," and get up with nothing particular on their sheets—with this difference, that howsoever blankly these geniuses miss, or hang fire, they are fatally sure to bring down the calf. Know precisely what you would say, and we shall know with tolerable precision what you have said.

If you *see* a thing, you can *say* it, though you were the least tonguey of your father's children. If you only see a foggy sketch of a thing, ranging anywhere in the visible creation, from a horseshed to an apple-tree, with faint indications of a waterfall, with red damask curtains, you will certainly be balked in the attempt to give a clear conception of that thing, though you be endowed with endless dictionary, and the pen of a ready writer of the "manifold" species.

See and say, and till then be mum.

FOOLISH ECONOMY.

WHEN you hear a man cynically growling out his aversion to spending money to educate "other folks' young ones," you may safely conclude that his father was a man who was not very liberal in the education of his own; for the educated are invariably the most earnest champions of education. Knowledge is the best wealth, in this as in many other things, that he who has acquired it is the most ready to bestow it, and put it within the reach of everybody to acquire.

The stingy wretch who feels that a penny bestowed on schools for his poorer neighbors is a burdensome tax, simply accuses the guardians of his own childhood, or the obstinacy of his own stupid will, of a gross neglect, only excusable in days unblest by the free school and its larger results of intelligence.

The same ignorant grumbler is not aware that nature levies a larger tax on blockheads, than the state has any desire to raise for knowledge. Schools cost something and pay much, but ignorance costs much and pays nothing.

Our cynical grumbler would understand, perhaps, that he had missed a figure, if the intelligent neighbor who pays for knowledge cheerfully would show his Stinginess how he might have saved a hundred dollars on corn, fifty on wool, and twenty-five on his oats, by taking the papers and keeping himself "posted up," as the cant phrase goes, in the fluctuations of the market. A hundred and seventy-five dollars tax on one year's stupidity might possibly seem a little onerous, even to our grumbler, whose bugbear is peculiarly in the direction of a small tax for knowledge. But there are considerations equally to the point, though less obvious to Growler, which, therefore, he may not be able to appreciate. Nine-tenths of the insecurity of property in the midst of a rural population is owing to ignorance and its consequent vice. And even in cities, where educated villainy makes its more convenient head-quarters, if the education had been as it should be, moral as well as mental, the great mass of crime would still have been, there as elsewhere, in the hands of the uneducated, and happily without these sad exceptions which now disgrace the intelligence which they misuse. If a farmer loses his grain from his crib, or chickens from the roost, his meat from the cellar, or butter from the pantry, will he look for it among the intelligent and educated of his neighbors, however humble in their circumstances? Not at all. He will go to the hovel of Tom, Dick, or Harry, who has the same opinion about educating those long-legged

boys and frowzy-headed girls of his, that the rich grumbler himself has entertained, and there find the remains of their plunder; or more likely he will *not* go, simply because he knows that those predacious juveniles are so well educated in the only lucrative profession open to an ignoramus, as to make pursuit hopeless of any result but the inconsiderable income of "a flea in his ear."

The foolish growler's corn-crib or orchard is taxed in a single night for the support of ignorance and crime, enough to make his yearly quota for their conversion into knowledge and virtue.

But, alas, your Growler, having paid so much for his own education, with so little profit as not yet to see what a fool he has been making of himself, gets hopeless of the education of others; naturally enough arguing that "If I, Sir Growler, having been done out of some ten, twenty, or a hundred dollars per annum for the support of ignorance, have not yet learned that it had been better to have paid a trifle for its eradication, how shall the poor dogs be made wiser by my cash?" And so he goes on paying a great tax for the wrong thing, rather than a small tax for the right.

STUDY THE MINDS OF YOUR PUPILS.

TEACHERS, study the minds of your pupils. They are sufficiently alike to be educated together, yet so different as to need varied appliances to develop the faculties of each individual mind, else its real talents may lie hidden and buried under its education. Education must be both general and specific. Seek to understand and develop the whole mind, giving it balance, completeness, consistency; not cultivate one faculty or set of faculties, to the neglect of another.

Education sometimes creates intellectual monsters, like a man with a huge head, and small body and limbs; large feet, with little or no head or body; or huge arms and hands, but no feet or legs. Insist on balanced, whole-souled education for your pupils; an education that shall afford a well-cemented base on which to erect any special or professional education that may be afterwards pursued. "Teach your son," replied Dr. Johnson to an inquiring mother, "to read, to count, to write; grammar, writing, and arithmetic; three things which, if not taught in early life, are seldom or never taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or knowledge can be built." A man without the subsoil

culture of early, thorough mental discipline, designed and intended to develop and strengthen the weaker points in the mind, will forever be narrow and feeble, and however brilliant in points, will be unable to adapt himself to his time, or place, or mission.

A laughing philosopher once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes of different forms, each of which has somewhere a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins, being stuck in hastily and without selection, are found in awkward situations. "How often," says the same philosopher, "do we find on the perforated table of life the round man in the three-cornered hole"! Right, early education will obviate the difficulty arising from unnatural employment, and give the mind a wide range of adaptation. We see boys sometimes playing with a puzzle consisting of a plate of brass with three orifices through it, one round, one square, and one triangular; all which must be fitted by the same block ingeniously whittled. The mind should have a still wider range of adaptation. It must have a round fullness, a square solidity, and an angular sharpness.

Study, then, with careful scrutiny, the minds of your pupils, and supply by culture, as far as possible, what is naturally lacking in each. This pioneer, fundamental culture is *real estate* to the mind, while professional culture is mere *personal property*; when the latter fails, for any cause, to be available for personal support, the other will remain, like an inalienable old homestead, a sure reliance.

He is a wise teacher who can so conduct his general studies and class exercises, as to call out and train the faculties of each mind, and yet not seem to be dealing specially with any one.

THE RIGHTS OF BRAIN.

WHEN a man-child is born into this world, under favorable circumstances, he comes upon the stage with brains, back, hands, and viscera; with a considerable more capacity for receiving and consuming than for performing and acquiring. The stomach must be filled, not because he can honestly earn gruel enough to distend that rather flexible membrane to satiety, but simply because, in the nature of things, he is hungry, and food is essential to keep him up till hands get to be useful.

Cold and wet take due hold of the soft epidermis, without waiting

till the boy can earn a shirt for his back, and therefore it is the boy's *right*, not his more or less happy privilege, to have that indispensable appendage, "or some equivalent arrangement as described," to use the language of the patent office. So back and stomach get their importunate demands answered in some passable sort, and men confess the justice of the claim.

But meanwhile what is poor Brain to do in case back and bowels have carried off all the superfluous fortune of their natural guardians? Captain of the whole fellowship of forces and capacities, the waiting brain must have feed too, long before the hand is able to supply it. That comes last of all in the order of nature. Everything must be done on credit, and the idle hands have a goodly bill run up against them before they can possibly begin their proper task.

Their power to pay back the cost depends on the just division of the indebtedness of every part. If only the stomach is cultivated, they have no power to work out their fine; if the back gets all, they are equally incapacitated, and can only hope to make good the expense of their development by the skill which comes with the brain's culture. It is clearly as absolute a right which the brain claims, as that which the other members have insisted upon. But alas, since brain in its hunger is not so clamorous as the stomach, it gets neglected, like a still, timid child in a noisy troop.

No teacher of economic ethics ever forgets that duties belong to the hands, to compensate for the rights awarded to stomach and back; but many of these calculating fraternity seem utterly oblivious to the equally obvious fact, that the rights of the brain are as absolute as the duties of the hands, and precede them by many years.

If a parent or natural guardian neglects the bodily necessities, or is unable to supply them, society plucks the sufferer from his hands, or bestows that which is needed, not merely as a charity—which it may seem to be in any single individual—but as an imperative duty which it owes community.

Shall we not be as *just*—we will not say *charitable*—to the mental wants of the child, since on their gratification, more than on that of any other wants, depends the power of the hands to repay the debt of rearing and culture? We ask this in justice, not in charity, and demand that every brain shall have a just measure of the advances made to the whole being.

Let us hear nothing of the obligation of the hands, till we have fulfilled our obligations towards the master of the hands, the thinking brain. Educate that, and the hands have then a field and capacity

for work which they can have by no other means. We then put them under obligations to future minds, as the lessons which have been bestowed on us in the years of our pupilage have put this solemn duty upon us. We but poorly pay the debt of our own culture, when we leave the brains of the poor man's child to starve, while his body only is fed.

KNOWLEDGE ACCUMULATIVE.

WE differ from all other animals, capable of instruction, in the fact that knowledge, with us, is cumulative, takes root and bears fruit from vital forces within, while the education of the lower animals is always from without, and with no assimilation of the lesson to make what might be called a capital fund for the enlarging of acquirements.

You can teach a dog tricks, even new tricks to an old dog if you have the gift of patience, and he is a dog of parts: but the most talented of his race cannot combine two lessons and deduce a third from them, nor by any wit or device bestow his wisdom on his canine heir. When every dog has had his day, the universal aggregate of dog philosophy and art is not one whit beyond what it was when Nimrod was a "mighty hunter before the Lord."

Mr. Rarey can teach a stubborn horse to lie down, get up, follow him, and very likely to stand on his hind legs and dance a horse-hornpipe, but Mr. Rarey can never educate his equine pupil to an ability to become the teacher of the same accomplishments to his benighted fellows; and when the erudite courser has once gone through his course he has quite literally come to the end of his tether.

The literary attainments of the "Learned Pig" will never give the dullest boy any just reason for envy; for after all the laborious training of his pigship, the pupil will give more light in lard-oil than in letters, and no pains in his education will take the kink out of his caudal appendage. If all the porcine race had been put to school under the most approved instruction, since the day the herd ran down a steep place into the sea, the last of them could not spell his own generic name without the book. The attempt to educate a porker must inevitably end in gammon, as do all theories built on animal intellect.

In human education the infinite distinction between the two sorts of mind, instinct and intellect, is clearly manifest. What the father has

acquired he can bequeath as a starting point to his son. Each new pupil has simply to learn the use of the *tools*, the common elements of expression, and he is at once made free of all the past, is heir to what ever the wise have obtained by life-long labors, and can proceed directly to add his little to the great mass of positive knowledge. The lesson once taught is a portion of his mind and makes breadth and strength for a greater mental effort.

Brute mind is mere automatic mind, moved from another, and never assimilating its mental food to produce growth. But the true mind as developed in man is made greater, richer, wiser, for every acquirement, and the whole race is heir to the wisdom of any one in it. No individual man has done what we find already accomplished in the world of knowledge in any single particular. Every science is the result of ages of labour; every art is the accumulated skill of myriads of cunning brains and hands; every book is the condensed outgrowth of many minds, through many years of study.

The boy who to day takes up an elementary work on Astronomy is a pupil of the Shepherds of Chaldea and all the star-gazers of ancient Egypt. Tycho Brahe worked for him, and Newton's gigantic mind wrestled with the Titanic problems of Nature for his sake, and all the past has made him heir to their best income, that he too may have a little to bequeath the future.

A single fact not known before is a positive enlargement of the mental wealth of the world, and the humblest scholar is able to do something for his kind in return for the much which has been done for him. There is every encouragement to the least of all explorers in the field of knowledge, in the fact that nothing is lost which is once thrown into the universal stock of knowledge.

STUDY.

STUDY gives a man more soul, makes more of him, and refines whatever is made. Study makes more of the natural world to man, revealing wonders and mysteries of which fancy could never have dreamed. Study, then that you may have growth, expansion, strength, wisdom. Study, that you may lengthen your vision, enlarge your reach of thought, increase your grasp. Study science and art. Study nature in her grandeur, reading suns and systems as the poetry of the heavens. Study nature in her minuteness till a single drop of water to your illuminated vision teems with multiform and varied life numerous as the star-gems of night and beautiful as the flowers of earth.

Resident Editor's Department.

For the Common School Journal.

CONFESS YOUR FAULTS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.—BY S. J. WHITON.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in early June. Last night's shower had cooled the hot earth, and imparted an unwonted freshness to the air. The birds were singing their morning hymns of praise, and trees, grass, and flowers all seemed glad to escape from yesterday's dusty heat.

The Oakville school-house, too, seemed changed by the shower. The dusty doorstep, that yesterday almost blistered the little bare feet as they hastened over it, was cool and moist, with a tiny pool of water here and there in the little hollows. Groups of merry-hearted children were hurrying along the street, anxious to be "the first" at school on such a morning. As group after group arrived, they hastened with their books and dinner-baskets to the school-room, then out again into the fresh air, which soon resounded with merry shouts and ringing laughter.

But not long had they for play; for soon the familiar bell was heard, calling them to their accustomed seats and daily lessons. Dearly as they loved their sports, they had been taught to leave them at a moment's notice, for other duties. So on this fresh morning they all quickly took their places in the school-room—all but George Ashton and Willie Lee, who still lingered at their play, busily engaged in damming a small rivulet that trickled along the road-side. The two boys had heard the bell, but stopping a moment to complete their work, they soon forgot everything but the dam, which seemed to them as important as the levees of the Mississippi, or the Falls of Niagara. Time passed swiftly, and twenty minutes had elapsed when Willie started up, exclaiming,—

"We shall be late at school!"

"Oh, no!" said George, now thoroughly roused, and thinking that only a moment had passed since they heard the sound of the bell, "let us run, and we shall get there in time."

Willie's first thought on finding that school had really commenced, was, "I'll explain it all to the teacher;" but before this purpose had become firmly settled in his mind, George suggested that they should say nothing of the cause of their tardiness, as neither teacher nor scholars had seen them at play.

"But that would be wrong," said Willie.

"Oh, fie!" said George, "I'm sure there is n't any hurt in not saying anything about it. We meant to be here in season."

Thus comforted, but still with minds ill at ease, the two boys entered the school-room. The teacher looked surprised, but as they were almost always prompt, he concluded they had some good excuse, and did not question them.

An uneasy conscience is a hard load to carry. During the forenoon Willie's mind often wandered from his lesson, although he tried to make up for lost time by harder study. George, too, was unusually listless and idle; and the teacher had occasion to correct him several times. Their lessons, as a consequence, were poorly recited, and the low marks placed against their names tended only to increase their discomfort. Neither the pleasant faces of their schoolmates, nor the beauty of the school-room, adorned with fresh flowers, could comfort them. They were truants, and had lost the sweet influences of the morning devotions.

Noontime came at last, and with it the merry words and joyous shouts of a score of little tongues. All seemed gay and happy but George and Willie. They remained in their seats, sullen and dejected, refusing to join the others in their play. Even the soft tones of little Nellie, the pet of the school, and their usual favorite, urging them to go and see her "play-house," did not rouse them to their accustomed animation. Tired of their sombre looks, she left them to seek for happier faces in the merry groups without.

Thus the day passed off—an unhappy day indeed for George and Willie. They were glad when school was out; for they longed to escape from the eye of their teacher, whom they felt that they had wronged.

When they were left for the night, their thoughts—as thoughts oft will—wandered back over the scenes of the day; but scarce a happy moment could they find in this review. Conscience told them to confess their error. Must they? *Could they? Yes, they would.*

How happy they felt the next day, after receiving the forgiveness of both parents and teacher, who kindly showed them the nature of their fault, and its consequences, urged them to be honest, and ended by pointing them upward to the Divine Author of all things.

Dear children, have you all *true* courage?—courage to *confess your faults*?—courage to *be honest*?—courage to *do right*? If not, may you all strive after it until it shall be yours.

WESTFORD, CONN., July 30th, 1858.

HYGIENE.

THERE are some especial reasons why teachers should be possessed of a better knowledge of the art of preserving health. Their occupation is laborious and exhausting. More than most any other, it wears upon the constitution, and drains the sources of life and vigor. There is in it no rest for the mind, and a weary mind makes ever a weary body. Confined during six hours of the day to the same routine, troubled by idle or mischievous scholars, and, most discouraging of all, seeing their best efforts as unproductive as the rain upon the desert, the closing hour of the session finds them often too tired for exercise, too languid for study. A knowledge of the laws of health, by which they may invigorate the frame, and dissipate the languor, becomes to them a matter of serious moment, if they would escape depression of spirits, inactivity of mind, and the long train of evils that so often afflict persons engaged in sedentary occupations.

We adduce another reason from the fact that the whole atmosphere of thought and feeling, in the school-room, is so greatly influenced by the physical condition of the teacher. A gloomy hypochondriac, whose temper is soured by indigestion, and whose nerves twang and snap at every discordant noise, who never knows the joy of a hearty laugh, nor the blessing of a sound night's rest, will soon render his school as peevish as himself. Morose feelings, caused by an overfed body, or a pampered appetite, are as infectious as the yellow fever, and all teachers who indulge them should be kept at quarantine, until by judicious exercise and training they rid themselves of the disease. But the weightiest consideration is, that the teacher, standing in the place of the parent, is accountable, in part, for whatever condition of body the child brings to the active duties of life. If he comes with diseased lungs or impure blood, it may be because he passed his school-days in over-heated, unventilated rooms, breathing over and over again the poisonous gas which his own breath generated, and living only because of the small modicum of pure air obtained through the cracks and crevices unwittingly left by the carpenters.

If weak joints, or a curved spine, perplex and hinder him in his daily work, it may be often traced to the ignorance of his teachers, who allowed or forced him to spend his recesses without exercise, and dealt out to him his play-spells as sparingly and grudgingly as ever did a miser his gold. The sports of the child are not to be viewed as a necessary evil, but as a part of the means by which he is to be

educated. The ringing laugh or the boisterous shout are by no means an index of total depravity, nor is the boyish love of adventure any sign of a worthless character. If the teacher will but keep the play-ground under his constant supervision, and guide the games upon it, he may exert there as great an influence as in his school-room. The Rugby boys played foot-ball with all the more zest under the eye of Arnold, while his approach broke up, as by magic, the fighting ring in which Tom Brown and Slogger Williams were striving for the mastery.

Whatever eminence we may have attained in other departments of education, in the bodily renovation of the nation, there is one fresh, and almost unexplored, waiting the willing feet of those destined to pioneer our race, onward and upward, to a full enjoyment of all the powers with which God has endowed us. But the amount of positive deformity existing, or the number of unbalanced and idiotic minds, is not calculated to arouse the attention, as much as is the general tendency, everywhere observable, towards an unhealthy state of the body. This is not the result of any peculiarity of climate, nor can it be traced to any cause beyond our power of control. It is the fulfillment of the righteous law, "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye surely reap." We look up in a clear autumnal night, and, wondering at the number of the stars, think how unlimited must be the power of Him who made and governs them all in wisdom. Would'st thou gain a still more impressive view of the power and wisdom of God, look at thy frame, "so fearfully and wonderfully made;" consider the curious connection between mind and matter, the mysterious dependence of the immortal upon the mortal; fathom, as well as thou canst, the forethought that fashioned the eyes, "those windows of the soul," the ears and the hands; reflect upon the constant pulsation of the heart, the circulation of the blood, the expiration and inspiration of the breath, the untiring activity of the brain, the sensibility of the nerves, the obedience of the muscles, and thought will engender thought, until thou wilt be forced to say—

"How complicate! How wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!"

It will furnish a consideration, too, why the physical should be cultivated, as well as the mental and moral, since it is only when the three are fitly joined that we approach nearest the stature of perfect men, becoming "the noblest of creatures and closest to God."

NAUGATUCK, Oct. 9th.

S. H.

THE TEACHERS' HARVEST.

THE cold winds of winter were sweeping o'er hill and dale. "Night had thrown her sable mantle round the earth, and pinned it with a star." The pale moon looked down upon the abodes of men, keeping its silent vigil while they sought, in "tired nature's sweet restorer" rest from the wearysome toils and cares of active life. Yet it found not all asleep. It shed its silver light upon many a scene of interest, of joy, of sorrow, of pain, sickness, languishing, and death. We will leave all these and dwell upon one only, which to us is full of tender interest. In a neatly furnished apartment of the family mansion, known long and familiarly in the town of C —, as the Norton House, a lamp is burning upon the table, where lies an open Bible, and removed a short distance from it is the form of a fair maiden, kneeling in prayer. Slowly, cautiously, enter the apartment. Scan each feature of that upturned face, and tell me if intense feeling and emotion is not written there. Tears are falling fast adown the face, the lips quiver as in low earnest tones the voice of the pleader reaches our ears. Look again, sobs have choked her utterance, and the face is buried in the thin white hands. What can all this mean? Whence the sorrow that weighs down that young heart? You would approach and offer your sympathies to her, but stay a moment; listen; hear the words falling from her lips. It is an earnest prayer in behalf of her pupils; especial prayer for those inquiring the way of life, that in their youth they may find the Saviour, give to him their hearts before they have grown familiar with the paths of sin; that they may not grieve the heavenly messenger from their breasts, but be guided by it *now*, into the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal. Long, earnestly, and fervently does she plead with her Heavenly Father, often so overcome that she is unable to utter a syllable. At last she sought repose. During all the long night, sleep came not to her eyes; for there was ever before her mind's eye, the last scene that occurred in the school-room. She could not cease to send upward a silent petition that the thoughtful Hattie, who with streaming eyes, thanked her for speaking about the interests of her soul, saying with emphasis "I have longed to have you speak to me about it before. For three long years I have had an earnest desire to become a christian. O, my teacher, pray for me." And there was her sister Nellie, a gay laughing girl of ten summers, the pet of the village, with a world of fun sparkling in her beautiful

black eye, who came on that eventful night, not with her usual bounding step and merry countenance, but with solemn step, and a shade of deep sadness over her lovely features. What is the matter with my darling Nellie" said the gentle teacher. "O, I feel so bad." "Are you ill?" "No." "Tired?" "No." "What then?" "O, I feel just so every night; I am such a naughty, wicked girl, and I do want to be a better girl," and bursting into tears, she sank upon her knees, burying her face in the folds of her teacher's dress. The timid, affectionate Lucy, came with a good night kiss for the teacher, but her slender arms refused to let go their hold around her neck, until her lips had tremblingly revealed to her friend the secret longings of her soul. "I do want to love the Saviour?" she said. How truly hath it been said, "Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." For scarcely had the first ray of the morning sun lighted the eastern sky, ere Miss E—— heard footsteps approaching her room, then a gentle rap at her door. She bade her visitor enter, and was surprised to see one of her pupils, a young girl of eleven years. She timidly approached the bed, and asked to lie down, permission was granted. She put her arms around her teacher's neck, saying, "dear teacher, I think I have given my heart to the Saviour; I did want to come and tell you, I knew you would be so glad." Tears of joy now flowed from eyes but a short time ago moistened with grief.

The prayer of faith will be answered. During the morning as the family were at breakfast in the dining room of the mansion, the door suddenly opened. Miss E. raised her eyes to view the new comer, and a shade of sadness passed over her face, for she saw Nellie, no longer sad and sorrowing, but with a countenance beaming with delight. Her first words were "I have come to go to school with my teacher." Alas, thought Miss E. how easily are the sensibilities of children touched, but how little impression is made upon their minds, and with a new weight of sorrow upon her young heart she rose from breakfast and prepared for her day's labors. Scarcely had the last syllable of the hurried "good morning" died away, and the hall door closed upon them, when Nellie seized Miss E's arm, and with a smile radiant with hope and love, her lips parted to give utterance to words she had longed to speak to one whom she knew to be a true friend. "O teacher I am so happy this morning, I think I have given my heart to the Saviour. I love him and he loves me, and Hattie loves him too, and she is happy too," and the tender lamb rejoicing in the love of her Redeemer and Saviour, freely opened her heart to "tell to others round, what a dear Saviour she had found." She was not

prepared for the shower of tears that rolled down the pale cheek of Miss E. and judging that sorrow caused the tears to flow, with true childish simplicity, she asked, "are you not happy too?" "Yes, yes dear child, too happy for words to express. What you have just told me, has filled my soul with joy. All through this long night my prayer to God has been that you all might give your young hearts to the Saviour, at this time when he seemed so especially working upon your hearts by the influences of his spirit. Thanks be to God that any of you are led to hope in his mercy, and now let us unite our prayers for those of our young companions out of the ark of safety and God will most assuredly bless us, for he has never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain.

Who can tell what rapture filled the soul, what silent breathings of praise to God, of gratitude and most devout thanksgiving went up from the heart of that young faithful teacher, as one by one eight of her dearly loved pupils came and told her of their joy in believing in Christ, their hope of acceptance with the father, through the mediation of the Son, and their firm resolve henceforth to live for Christ. Her joy was full, and though years have rolled away since that eventful morn, she loves to recur to it as one of the happiest hours of her life.

Fellow teachers, this is no fancy sketch. I am not so gifted as to present the facts in any false coloring of glowing terms. Are you a christian teacher? If so I would by this fact encourage you to pray and labor for the spiritual welfare of your pupils. This you can easily do without infringing upon the time devoted to other purposes. Would you know what first led these pupils to think? It was, says one, "the earnest prayers of our teacher, at our morning devotions." Says another, "a little word, fitly spoken upon my birthday."

Go thou, and *do* likewise. God will add his blessing.

SELLA.

For the Common School Journal.

IMPROVEMENT.

THERE are many incidents that come within the observation of every one, which if remembered and heeded, would be of great service in future life. For instance, a person entering into business

as a farmer, merchant or mechanic, if he has carefully observed the changes that have taken place, and their effects on his predecessors, can enter upon his work with more surety of success, and upon a much safer foundation. So a person commencing the profession of teaching, if a careful observer, has had numerous incidents come within his notice, from which a lesson could be learned, either one to be imitated or one to be avoided. This principle of observation alone, is not sufficient, but with it should be united a correct judgment, and both should be cultivated by all, especially those who would become wise and successful teachers. One of the greatest sources for a teacher's improvement is found in visiting schools, as an hour can scarcely be spent in any school without gaining some information; perhaps a new and beautiful method of explaining some principle in Arithmetic or Algebra may be acquired, or perhaps some way of "exciting interest in study," or "waking up mind" obtained, by which one's own labors could be made more easy and more successful. A wise man said, "there is something to be learned from every one." It is not therefore entirely necessary that a teacher should visit a school where order and harmony prevail, to learn a lesson, for it is often found that in our worst schools, there are some excellencies; besides the defects of a badly managed school, would be beneficial, teaching us to avoid them.

Teachers can improve themselves greatly by holding conventions, where the experiences of each one can be related, and the manner of conducting schools discussed. By attending such meetings the young teacher can be much benefited, for often by hearing the experience of others, lessons of wisdom are learned, which could hardly be acquired in years of one's own observation. In these conventions errors are often exposed, which have discouraged many who might have become eminent in the profession, and also warned many to be careful what motives they present for school advancement.

The teacher can improve by study more than in any other way. It is often urged as an excuse for not studying, "the want of time," but where this excuse is given, there we *always* find that *system* wanting, without which, no one can ever hope to succeed. He who cannot find time to study, will very soon wear out. A refined taste for reading is a fruitful source of pleasure, as well as of improvement. There are many other ways which might be spoken of, by which a teacher may obtain knowledge, but in short it is enough to say that he is in duty bound to employ all proper means

to improve himself and the condition of his school; this is his business, it is his profession. Let him therefore strive to improve himself both intellectually and morally.

... M. ...

For the Common School Journal.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

"To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."—BRYANT.

Nowhere on earth can we find a more powerful teacher than Nature. In all her varying moods, whether sublime or simple, bright or dark, she reads us some useful lesson. From the snow-capped summits of the Pennine Alps, where the eye wanders over huge glaciers and rocky chasms; from quiet country scenes of fertile fields, extended plains, and gently-rising hills; from the rich radiance of a summer's morn; and from the wildest midnight tempest, there comes, alike, a voice to chide us in our wanderings and cheer us in our toils.

That soul must be seared indeed, which can glance around on the numberless beauties that constantly surround us, and not learn from them a single lesson. But yet there are many who never look on these beauties, except with a cold, cursory glance. They close fast the gates that lead to the inner recesses of their hearts. The finer sensibilities of their nature,—those powers of mind whose exercise produces an indescribable thrill of delight, are dwarfed for want of use. And thus one of Nature's most powerful lessons—a lesson on the mind's properties—is lost.

Many of Nature's lessons are of a *practical* character. Her influence not only expands the mind, elevates the taste, and cultivates the imagination, but also tends to aid us in our daily labors.

Watch that tiny plant just springing from the earth in yonder forest. Gradually it grows, expanding with each returning spring, until it becomes a graceful sapling. Years pass. That sapling has

become a giant oak. It persevered amid opposing elements, and rallied under difficulties, until, at last, it reached its destined growth. Thus should it be with man. Amid all the cares and turmoils of life, let him press steadily forward in the path of duty, content with gradual progress; and if, at any time, his heart should falter, let him remember the tiny sprout that became a giant oak.

Nature teaches us to be *generous*. She showers her gifts upon us in rich profusion. Glance where we may, our eyes are filled with images of her beauty, which say to our hearts, "*Be grateful.*"

Nature, too, reminds us that earthly things are transitory. Spring comes first with its fragrant airs and dewy freshness; then sportive Summer, blooming with life and beauty; and next comes Autumn, arraying herself for a moment in scarlet and gold, and then yielding to winter's torpor. "Passing away" is written, as with a magic wand, on river and lake, mountain and plain, field and forest.

The great "Book of Nature" ever lies before our eyes, ready to impart to us some useful lesson. Teachers, especially, may draw from its pages much that will interest and instruct their pupils, as well as themselves. Even the most trivial thing can be made a subject of interest. Take, for instance, a leaf. A few moments can be pleasantly passed in examining its size, shape, and structure, and propounding inquiries relative to the different kinds of leaves. Such an exercise, if well managed, will often excite much interest among pupils, as well as teach them to observe objects more minutely. Similar exercises on various other objects, would be profitable. The pupil's mind would thus be refreshed by release from the regular routine of school, and he would learn many things not connected with his ordinary studies. Much valuable information can often be imparted in this manner.

To a person who can appreciate her beauties, Nature serves as a powerful inducer to virtue. Her influence, warm and genial, is in direct opposition to vice. It penetrates the heart with a softening power, filling it with higher and purer thoughts. It is our duty then, as teachers, responsible in a degree for the moral future of our pupils, to implant in the minds under our care, a LOVE OF NATURE. Some may have it already; but in others, "a word fitly spoken" may arouse a new train of thought, which shall prove a safeguard in many a trying hour to come.

Many are so accustomed to superficial observation that objects of great interest are passed by without notice. Some of Nature's best lessons are lost to them, because they do not remember that *common*

things are not to be despised because they are common. The very rocks and bushes that line our path, if closely observed, are objects of interesting study.

Let teachers, then, encourage their pupils to form habits of minute observation. By so doing they will be constantly learning, and will find—

“ Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,
And good in everything.”

Let pupils, too, be taught,—

“ To look from nature up to nature's God,”

and bow in reverence to the all-creative Power that formed this beauteous world, with all its gorgeous garniture of hills, and dales, and silvery streams, dark woods, and placid lakes, which chant sweet symphonies to charm the sombre soul.

Teacher, when wearied with the day's toils, and oppressed with the oft-recurring perplexities incident to your vocation, go forth from the little world of thought where you are wont to preside, and hold communion with Nature. Look around over her ever-shifting scenes, so fresh and bright, and say if your mind is not soothed, and rendered fit to engage more earnestly in another day's labors.

S. J. W.

WESTFORD, Conn., Oct., 1858.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—At the close of the summer term, Prof. CHAS. F. DOWD tendered his resignation of the office of Associate Principal, which he has filled during the past year. Prof. Dowd is an earnest and devoted instructor. During his connection with the Normal School he has labored assiduously in the discharge of his duties, and we regret that he should feel obliged, from ill-health, to leave a position of so much usefulness. Our best wishes attend him.

Prof. H. B. BUCKHAM, for the last two years an instructor in the school, has been appointed as Mr. Dowd's successor, and will enter upon his duties at the commencement of the next term. Prof. B. is so well and so favorably known, that it is unnecessary to add anything in his favor. His long and successful experience, and his connection with the school, seem eminently to fit him for the position.

Mr. S. H. LEE, of Lisbon, a graduate of the Normal School, but more recently of Yale College, has been appointed an instructor in the Normal School. This is considered by all a good appointment.

Of the recent graduates of the Normal School, SHERMAN B. BISHOP is to teach at Middle Haddam; GEORGE McLEAN, at Portland; B. W. MAPLES, at Cheshire; MATTHEW C. WOODFORD, at East Hartford; Miss CARPENTER, at Greenwich.

SOUTHINGTON.—A new and convenient school-house has recently been erected in this town. It was appropriately dedicated on Thursday evening, 21st ult. Interesting addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Jones and Messrs. Isaac Burritt, Clark, and Smith, of Southington, and also by Dr. Comings and Elihu Burritt, Esq., of New Britain. It is said, by the knowing ones, that the excellent music and speeches were only surpassed by the "tempting display of luscious refreshments" prepared and "in order set," by the fair hands of the ladies. We certainly wish we could have been present. May our Southington friends rejoice more and more in what they have so well done, and may their example stimulate others to go and do likewise.

THOMPSONVILLE.—We learn, with pleasure, that our friends at this busy place are making special and effective efforts for the improvement of their schools. We wish them abundant success.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.—These conventions have been well attended this autumn, and an unusual interest in the exercises has been manifested by those in attendance. The only Institute yet to be held, will be at Salisbury, to commence Monday evening, 8th November. As an indication of the interest felt by the good people of Salisbury, we give the following:—

At a meeting of the Board of School Visitors of the town of Salisbury, held Oct. 9th, 1858, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we receive with pleasure the announcement of an intended "Teachers' Institute," to be held in Salisbury on the 8th of November, and that we earnestly invite all Teachers, Boards of School Visitors, and friends of education, in the neighboring towns, to attend, promising them a cordial reception and entertainment.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Board forward a copy of the above resolution to the Common School Journal and the papers of this county, for publication.

Attest:

M. L. GRAHAM, *Secretary*.

Salisbury, Oct. 9th, 1858.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The winter term of this school will commence on the first Wednesday of December, and continue sixteen weeks. All desirous of attending should make early application to the Hon. David N. Camp, New Britain.

Answer to the Geographical Enigma in our September number—**"WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY."**

TO OUR EXCHANGES.—*Please direct your journals and papers to "COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL, NEW BRITAIN, CT."*

Subscriptions and business items may be forwarded to Mr. George E. Gladwin, Hartford, Ct.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have several communications on hand which will appear in due season. A long absence from home must be our apology for any seeming neglect.

GOOD.—We are glad to learn that at the late Windham County Fair premiums were awarded to the pupils of two schools in the county for meritorious specimens of drawing and penmanship. These schools were, one at Brooklyn, kept by Mr. E. R. Keyes, and the other at East Hampton, taught by Mr. Foster. Teachers, please remember this and be ready when the season for the next Fair arrives,—and also bear in mind the fact that Windham county teachers have taken the palm this year. We rejoice that amid all the attention given to the performances of the colts and cattle, that the youth of our State are also beginning to receive encouragement for their worthy deeds.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The exercises of the ninth anniversary of this useful institution took place during the first week of October, commencing Sunday evening, Oct. 3d, and continuing through the Wednesday following. As we were necessarily absent during the week, we avail ourselves of the following notice from the pen of E. Burritt, Esq., Editor of the "North and South":—

"The exercises commenced with a discourse delivered before the Normal scholars and teachers, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Perrin, in the Center Church. The large building was completely filled by a most attentive audience. The sermon was one of great power, containing points and passages exceedingly impressive. The text was, 'They were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught

them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." No passage of Scripture could have been more happily selected for the theme of the address, which was to show that true piety was the crowning qualification, that power and authority which alone could make a successful teacher, in the great and vital results of education. Several remarkable illustrations were adduced to make the conclusion impressive. The allusion to Mary Lyon was touching and beautiful, and one which, it is to be hoped, will be remembered with profit by the young ladies present, who are preparing themselves for the profession which she honored with the holy labor of thirty years.

On Monday evening, Prof. Camp, the Superintendent of Schools, delivered an excellent and admirable address in the South Church, before the graduates of the Normal School. It was a production richly fraught with the wide and varied learning, and the eminently Christian spirit and teaching which mark his public discourses and school-room instructions. His subject was the existence and operations of universal law. In tracing its manifestations, he took a vast sweep of investigation, embracing the whole domain of science, art, morals, and religion. The concluding portion of the address, directed to the members of the Graduating Class, who stood during its delivery, was very forcible and feeling, and eminently calculated to produce a deep and lasting impression. His allusion to Mr. Busch, once connected with them as a teacher, whose presence they had expected on the occasion, but who had perished on the *Austria*, was full of pathetic and beautiful sentiments.

"On Tuesday, we had as rich a treat as could well be crowded into a single evening. The Methodist Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, to listen to the orator and poet, who were to address the Barnard and Gallaudet Societies. At least a thousand persons were congregated within, and a considerable number without the building, who could not effect an entrance. Rev. J. N. Burton, of Hartford, delivered the oration, and a remarkable production it was, truly. It was the keenest, cleverest analysis of the human mind, its faculties, predilections, affinities, and the laws that governed them, that we ever heard or read. The clear, sharp precision of delineation; the bold uniqueness of metaphor and illustration; the deep and masterly subsoiling of the whole subject; the acute and vigorous warp and woof of metaphysical disquisition and argument, all done in Emersonian diction, with a rich suffusion of Holmes' wit; all these characteristics gave the great congregation a laborious and exhilarating mental exercise and enjoyment. For there were depths and heights

of speculation which required all the agility of the mind to keep pace with his in the descent and ascent. But he was sure to give us the breathing of a laugh at the end of each laborious passage, by some felicitous hit of humor.

The address occupied nearly an hour and a half, and it was nearly nine o'clock when the poet of the occasion, Rev. S. D. Phelps, D. D., of New Haven, was introduced to the assembly. Although hundreds had stood for nearly two hours in the aisles, hardly one left the house between the oration and poem. Whoever did forego the latter, through weariness, lost a rich treat. We can do no manner of justice in a paragraph to a single portion of the effort. Its theme was 'The Song of the Poet,' from the time of

'The grand old masters,'

up to all the diversified and heterogeneous rhyming of these latter days. It touched upon some of the phases of modern fashion in the happiest vein and verse, blending the grave and humorous with pleasant artistry and effect. The description of the old red school house, of forty years ago, was true to the life, and touched many a sympathetic string of memory. It was so true, that several, who were children at that time, severally insisted next day that the poet must have had his own school house in his eye when he drew the portrait of the building. The experience of 'Dobbins,' who worked his way up from a grocery in Maiden Lane to a 'brown stone front' in the Fifth Avenue, and stranded his hasty fortune on the quicksands of fashion, was an admirable delineation of character.

"On the forenoon of Wednesday, Mr. S. H. Lee, of Lisbon, delivered an able and interesting address before the Alumni, in the South Church. It was full of practical suggestion, showing how important to the teacher is a thorough acquaintance with general literature. In developing the subject, he presented an excellent train of observation, which we hope all the teachers present will ponder well hereafter. There is a natural tendency to make learning too professional; to concentrate it upon a single branch of study, available for only one particular pursuit. A mind thus trained has not a sphere but an *ellipsis* of knowledge—all length, with little breadth.

"The Annual Examinations of the various classes took place on Monday and Tuesday, with a very gratifying result. The examination in the theory and practice of teaching gave full and special satisfaction. At the conclusion of these exercises, Gov. Buckingham made an impressive and excellent address.

"Wednesday was the culmination and closing day of the performance. At 2 P. M., the Center Church was filled with a dense multitude to listen to the Original Orations and Essays by the candidates for the diploma. They were George McLean, New Britain; G. S. Amidon, Westfield; J. S. Dearbon, South Weare, N. H.; Augustus Warner, Newtown; M. C. Woodford, West Avon; B. W. Maples, Norwich; S. B. Bishop, North Madison; Annie A. Carter, Bridgewater; Anna E. Carpenter, Darien; Sarah H. Chamberlin, New Haven. All their efforts were highly creditable and promising, quite equalling those of the graduating classes of former years.

"In the evening there was a general *conversazione* in the Normal School buildings—a grand social *reunion* of teachers, scholars, trustees, and citizens generally. The hours flowed pleasantly away in the interchange of greetings, congratulations, good wishes, interspersed toward the close with now and then a hopeful *adieu*, as a group separated for different and distant fields of labor."

WINDHAM COUNTY.—During the last week of October the Institute for Windham County was held at Willimantic, under the direction of Mr. Northend, assisted by Mr. Brown and others. This was the largest Institute of the season, and the largest ever held in the State. An excellent class of teachers attended and manifested much interest in the exercises of the week. Our friends in Windham County seem determined to do their part in the great educational work of the day. The citizens of the enterprising village of Willimantic deserve much credit for the liberal and extensive arrangements made for the accommodation of all in attendance. To the Rev. Mr. Willard, and to Messrs. Peck and Avery, special obligations were felt and expressed by members of the Institute.

ANSWER to the Geographical Enigma in our August number,—
"WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY."

BOOK NOTICES.

WELLS' NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: for the use of Schools, Academies, and Private Students; introducing the latest results of scientific discovery and research, arranged with special reference to the practical application of physical science to the arts and the experiences of every day life, with 375 engravings. By David A. Wells, A. M. 12mo. 452 pp. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

WELL'S PRINCIPLES AND APPLICATIONS OF CHEMISTRY: for the use of Academies, High Schools, and Colleges, with 240 engravings. By David A. Wells, A. M. 12mo. 515 pp. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

We have examined the above works with much interest and satisfaction. They seem to be well adapted to the objects for which they were prepared, and we commend them to the attention of teachers and students. In addition to the intrinsic merits of the works themselves, the style in which they are presented to the public increases their claim to popular favor. They are profusely illustrated and the enterprising publishers have well performed their part. The volumes are neatly printed and substantially bound.

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: for the use of Schools. By W. H. Wells, Superintendent of Public Schools, Chicago. New York: Ivison & Phinney.


It is about ten years since this Grammar was first presented to the public, and perhaps no stronger commendation can be given than the fact that it has already reached its 225th edition. The author is a teacher of large and successful experience, and he has prepared one of the best text-books ever issued from the press.

DRAWING. We have received from Messrs. Ivison & Phinney, 321 Broadway, New York, some beautiful specimens of drawing cards, for the use of schools and families. They were designed by S. Schuster, Professor of drawing, and each pack contains instructions for the learner. Parts I. and II. contain twenty-four cards each, commencing with the more simple and advancing by easy gradations to the more difficult.

Another pack contains thirty cards of a much larger size, with a small book which, in addition to much instruction for beginners, gives a historical sketch of the arts of painting, drawing, and sculpture.

Ivison & Phinney also publish some very neat "Pen and Ink drawings," comprising eighteen studies of Heads, Animals, Boats, and Rustic Figures, with instructions.

We commend the above to teachers and pupils, and hope the increased facilities afforded for instruction in the important art of drawing will tend to secure more attention to, and greater proficiency in a department of instruction hitherto quite too much neglected in our schools.

 We would call the attention of our readers to the advertising pages in our present number.